

The Tragedie

Cat. He will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
 Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
 Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
 Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
 Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
 If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
 Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
 And giue vs notice of his inclination,
 For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
 Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lo. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
 His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
 To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
 And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
 Giue gentle Mi^s *Shore* one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall wee heere from you *Catesby* ere wee sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there shall you finde vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, somewhat we will doe,
 And looke when I am King, claime thou of mee:
 The Earledome of *Herford* and the moouableables,
 Whereof the King my brother stood posselt.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse,
 Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
 we may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*
Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.
Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Hast.*
Hast. Whats a clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

of Richard the Third.

First he commends him to your noble L.
Hast. And then. *Mess.* And then he ser
 He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast
 Besides he sayes, there are two counsels
 And that many be determind at the o
 Which may make you and him to rew
 Therefore he sends to know your Lord
 If presently you will take horse with him
 And with all speedy post into the North
 To shun the danger that his soule diuine.
Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto m
 Bid him not feare the separated counsels
 His honour and my selfe are at the one,
 And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*
 Where nothing can proceede that touch
 Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
 Tell him his feares are shallow wanting
 And for his dreames I wonder he is so f
 To trust the mockery of vaquiet flumbe
 To flie the Boare before the Boare persua
 Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
 And make pursuite where he did meane
 Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
 And wee will both together to the Tow
 Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs
Mess. My gracious Kord Ile tell him w
Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.
Cat. Many good morrowes to my nob
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you ar
 What newes, what newes, in this our to
Cat. it is a reeling world indeede my L.
 And I belecue twill neuer stand vpright
 Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the
Hast. Who? weare the Garland? do
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, c
 Ere I will see the crowne so soule mispla
 But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme a
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to